

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM BURMAH.

AVA.

MR. KINCAID'S JOURNAL.

The King's opinion of Mr. Judson.

Sept. 2. Visited the Governor of the north gate of the palace this evening. I have been at his house, and had some acquaintance with him before; but this evening he talked much about Mr. and Mrs. Judson, showed me the books they gave him, and the room they occupied after being released from prison. Some time ago, he told me the King had inquired where Mr. Judson was, and when told that he was in Moulmein, he said, "Why does he not come here? He is a good man, and would, if he were here, teach and discipline my ministers, and make better men of them." I am quite convinced that when Mr. Judson was requested to leave Prome, it was just a trick of two or three of the ministers, and that the king knew nothing about it. After I had been in Ava 15 or 20 days, one of the *Woon-ges* delivered me a pretended order from the king, that I was to preach no more to the people, and give no more books. I went home oppressed, not knowing what course to pursue; and while reflecting on what course I ought to pursue, a number of Burmese came in, asked for books and said they wished to hear about God. I gave them books, and while in conversation with them, I felt it my duty to go on in the work, and leave the result to Him, whose cause I had come to advocate.

The next day an *At-noon-noon* declared it was no order from the king. Now the *Woon-ges* denies having delivered that message as the order of the king. He says it was only his personal advice. I have acted openly from the first, in order to ascertain the designs of government towards the mission. I have repeatedly told government men that our duty was to turn all men from idols, to worship the living God. So far I feel that God has prospered our way, and bids us to be of good courage.

Encouragements.

7. On Monday morning, I despatched *Ko Shoon* and *Ko San-lee* for Ummerapoora. They returned in the evening, full of hope that good is to be done in that city. Great numbers listened, and they were not molested by government men. One man who took them into his house, and listened all the time, has followed them to Ava to get more books. I think of putting up a *zayat* in that city, so that we may have preaching there 2 or 3 days in a week. We have had a good attendance in the verandah through the week, but nothing particularly new has occurred.

9. Two young men, from a district a little to the west of *Toung Oo*, called early this morning to get a few books. Their father had got the *View*, in *Rangoon*; several of the neighbors had copied it upon palm leaf; the head man of a *Karen* village who could read Burman, procured a copy, and the villagers frequently assembled to hear it read. I gave them four tracts and an exhortation to worship God who made heaven and earth.

The Governor of the palace.

21. Having been repeatedly invited, I called this evening on the *Meen Woon* (Governor of the king's house). He said he was an old man, and I was a young man, nevertheless he wished to listen to what I had to say in favor of a new religion. I said, in the first place, we must all acknowledge that there is a true God, and that there is a true religion—that all other gods, and all other religions are false.

He said, "Yes, this is true, and if all nations were right, they would worship the same God, and walk in the same law; but it is evening, and we cannot reason much to-night: you must come early, take tea with me, and we will look attentively into this subject. Give me your book to read, and I will give you any of the Burman books you wish." Very well, I said, before long I will call, and let us seek after true light, else we cannot know God.—The old man and his lady had much to say about Mr. and Mrs. Judson, called them their relatives, and spoke very feelingly of their sufferings during the war.

22. Prince *Me-ha-ra* sent his principal secretary for a book of books. After receiving them, the secretary begged a book for himself, at the same time saying, "I do not believe in idols; I believe in God who made all things."

23. One of the king's doctors and his lady called about noon, and staid till near evening. The Dr. said he was permitted to approach the golden throne, and the golden eye had mercifully looked upon him. After exhausting himself in eulogizing the King, Queen, and all the members of the royal family, I gave him St. John's Epistles to read. After reading about an hour, he said, "This is wonderful. Have any Burmans become disciples?" Yes. "How many?" It is impossible to say, they are scattered in different parts of the country, and the number is increasing every year. "How many books do you give away in a day?" We keep no account. "How do you live here; does the king give you rice and clothes?" No; my friends in America, who love God, and desire the Burmans to be saved from hell, give me my rice and clothes, that I may stay here and preach to the people.

Request for Baptism.

27. Mah Nwa Oo, wife of *Ko Thla*, has asked for baptism. She is about 40 years of age, of a mild and gentle disposition, and a person of good natural parts. She says—"I know it is the true religion, because it takes away my pride, and makes me feel like a little child." The man mentioned on the 14th has come forward and asked for baptism, but he wishes to be baptized in the night. I said, are you afraid to advocate the cause of Christ? "No, I am not afraid; but my family is afraid."

October 1. The man mentioned on the 27th, called, accompanied by his wife. This is the second female that has come expressly for the purpose of hearing the gospel. We hope the gospel may find its way to her heart.

The first Baptism.

13. Lord's day. After a short discourse, we examined Mah Nwa Oo. When asked why she wished to be baptized, she said, it was the appointed road for those who worshiped God. I asked her if she had found the way of life; she said, "Yes, Christ on the cross opened the way of life."

We immediately repaired to the Irrawaddy, knelt down upon its shore, and lifted up our hearts in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the tokens of his divine favor. Mah Nwa Oo was then buried beneath the wave, in obedience to her Saviour's will. How strikingly solemn this hour! How holy is this place! These waters, that have for ages been echoing the song of heathen worshippers, now listen to the voice of prayer rising to the throne of the Eternal! The spire of the royal palace gleams over our heads, the walls of the golden city fling their shadow upon the waters; but we heed it not. The King eternal, immortal, invisible, and only wise God our Saviour, has bid us plant his banners here. If God be for us, who can be against us. Several of the heathen were spectators of this scene; but no one offered the least insult to word or action. Not a breath was heard but the voice of prayer, and the words of the divine commission.

We hope this may be the commencement of good days in Ava. Let waters break forth in this desert; let the wilderness blossom; let the Lord's house be established on the top of these mountains!

Interesting Conversion of a Buddhist Preacher.

19. On account of some trifling alarm, we have not had so great a number of visitors as formerly; yet we have had some inquirers who appear well. I trust the light is steadily advancing. Six persons at prayer meeting this evening: at the close, *Moong Kay* (whose name I have not mentioned before) renewed his request for baptism. His mind is clear: Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, and to him he is determined to devote the remnant of his days.

20. Lord's day. After morning service we repaired to the waters of the Irrawaddy, prayed for the coming down of the Holy Spirit on all the towns and villages of Burma, where the gospel is preached, that those who have become disciples of Christ might be filled with the Holy Ghost, and go forth messengers of salvation to their perishing countrymen. I then led *Moong Kay* down into the water and baptized him! O Eternal Father! O benignant Son! O Almighty Spirit! Fountain of Life, of Light, of Holiness! Record thy Name here.—Let idolatry cease. Let the cross of Jesus triumph. How wonderful is the goodness of God! This man, four months ago, was one of the most popular preachers of Buddhism in the royal city. The sacred books are as familiar to him as every day subjects are to common people. The first time this man ever heard the gospel was from *Ko Shoon* and *Ko San-lee*, in the latter part of June. I sent them into the south part of the city, to occupy a large *zayat* in which great numbers of people were wont to resort during the day. They found *Moong Kay* explaining the sacred Pali to a large assembly of venerable old men. These brethren sat down, and listened till a favorable opportunity offered to speak. They then read the Catechism and most of the *View*. The truth pierced his heart. He asked for a book. The fifth day after he threw away his beads; forsook the pagodas; he refused to bow to idols, and made no offerings to priests. He read incessantly till the New Testament was gone through and all the tracts. From the first, the meditation of Christ affected his heart. During one of his visits to me about 6 weeks ago, he said, "How shall I know that I have a new heart?" I replied, when you love Christ, his word, and his people; when you love holiness, and hate idolatry and all sin; when you feel all this, you may know that you have a new heart. After waiting a long time, he said, "I think I have a new heart; I see every thing differently from what I formerly did; every thing is so new that I can hardly sleep or eat."

He is considered one of the most learned men in Ava, and his conversion to Christianity is known extensively over that part of the city where he resides. He is 44 years old, possesses a clear, discriminating mind, and I trust he is destined to be a herald of light over the breadth of this dark empire.

25. The *Me-ha-ra* Prince sent a man to invite me to his house. I called just at evening, and staid an hour; but others coming in, had only a little desultory conversation, as he appears very timid and cautious when his countrymen are listening. He appears to be a very amiable man, and in knowledge is ahead of all other Burmans. He has broken the chains which bind fast the Burman mind, and has learned to think as an independent man.

27. Lord's day, after preaching morning and evening, we sat down to the Lord's table; May Nwa Oo, and *Moong Kay* for the first time received the communion. They are young disciples, but they appear well. May they grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and hereafter be found among the ransomed in heaven.

28. One of the Princes sent to me to-day for the *Globes*. I sent him one map well shaded and colored. He was much pleased with it, and sent me word he would be happy to render me any favor in his power. I have not, as yet, asked the smallest favor of any government man, except permission to rent a house. The only favor I now ask is to be let alone.

Preparation for Mr. Cutter.

30. Having received letters from bro. Cutter stating that he is on his way to join us in Ava, I have just procured a house having five rooms. I think it will be quite comfortable for two families.—It seems a most kind providence that I have been able to procure this house. It is the only one in the city that combines any thing like safety and comfort. For the last 6 or 7 years, this house has been occupied by an English merchant, and it is only 15 days since he left it.

We will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are biased, though in the best and most respected employments of the world, as long as we neglect our best and noblest trade of growing rich in grace and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God.—*Leigham*.

We may know what Christ has done for us, by what he has done in us.—*Maeson*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

EDITED BY A JUNIOR OFFICER.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning, the regiment to which I belonged received an express from the commanding officer, to march immediately and directly to the Heavenly Jerusalem, "because," it was added, "the time is short." We therefore equipped ourselves for our journey, and set out without delay, all in good health and spirits. We took the road which our Commander had marked out for us, in which he himself had formerly trod to glory, and of which he was kind enough to supply each of us with a chart. Nothing occurred worth mentioning, for several days. We met with no interruption, except from a few irregular and trifling attacks, from small, straggling parties of the enemy.

One evening, when it was my turn to mount guard, the following incident occurred. The night was cold and dark, the wind high, and the whole appearance of things, gloomy and comfortless; and I was fain to walk about, to keep myself in heat and spirits. About the second watch, I perceived some one approaching, more by the sound of his feet, than by any thing else, for the night had become increasingly dark. I immediately called out, "Who's there?" At the same time, grasping my sword firmly in my hand. A low, and somewhat timid voice replied, "A friend and brother." "What is your name?" I rejoined. "Liberalty," was the reply, readily given. I afterwards found out that this was a counterfeit, and that his true name was *Hypocrity*. I then demanded the watchword, which he gave me without hesitation. Being satisfied that all was right, I permitted him to advance, on which he told me that he had a little secret business to execute for the commanding officer, who had desired him to ask my assistance in it. He also presented me with some warm cordial, which he had brought in his hand, of which I drank a little, and almost immediately began to feel myself somewhat giddy and stupid. But this I attributed to the night air. After this, I was foolish enough to leave my post, thinking it proper to do so on account of the desire of the commander. We walked to a considerable distance, when I began to get quite fatigued and exhausted. I was encouraged, however, to proceed a little farther, by my pretended friend, who pointed out a light, at some distance, as marking the place of our destination. But before we could reach the place, a number of men rushed out of a thicket behind us, knocked me to the ground at once, stripped me of my arms, and bound me hand and foot. During this, my companion had scampered off. I knew not whether. The men then put me into a vehicle, which they drove at a furious rate, to a considerable distance, after which, they carried me into a large, dark looking mansion, standing alone in a loathsome dungeon. Here I lay all night, bemoaning my sad condition, and shedding bitter tears of repentance for my folly and guilt. In the morning, I looked around my cell, and found the following words written on the wall, no doubt by some former unhappy occupant: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" I then concluded I had got into the *prison of Unbelief*. As the day advanced, the jailer made his appearance, the most ill-favored and ferocious looking fellow that I had ever seen, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was *Temptation*. He held in his hand a bowl, filled with deadly poison, called *Apotacy*, which he earnestly pressed me to drink, telling me at the same time, that I should never be delivered from this dungeon. "Nay, more," said he, "various excruciating tortures are preparing for you, and therefore you may as well put an end to your misery at once." This I stoutly refused, determined rather to perish, or to suffer the extremity of torment, than to do so. He then put down the bowl and left me for a time, telling me as he went, that by and bye he would make me glad enough to drink it. After he was gone, it all at once occurred to me that I had one weapon left, of which the ruffian did not deprive me, a little dagger called *Prayer*, and with this, I determined to dispatch the jailer, should a favorable opportunity present itself. In course of time, I heard him coming along the passage to my cell. I pulled out the dagger, and grasped it firmly in my hand, "watching thereunto with all supplication" to God for assistance. As soon as he made his appearance, and being assured he was off his guard, I sprang at him with all my might, and struck him in the very centre of his heart. His body fell to the ground in a moment, over which I immediately leaped, and ran from one passage to another, trembling with fear, lest I should be discovered by some of the inmates of the prison. Fortunately, all the doors had been left open, and I soon found myself amid the light and air of heaven, which never before appeared so fresh and delightful. I did not, however, stop to look behind, but set off as fast as my feet could carry me, in the direction where I had left the Regiment. After proceeding some distance, I met a party of my friends, who had come to seek for me. I was exceedingly glad to see them, and they also appeared pleased at our meeting, although they afterwards rebuked me sharply for my infidelity and folly. In a short time, we rejoined our company, after which I was tried by a court martial, and the evidence was quite clear against me, and my crime of heinous character, I was condemned to be shot. But through the clemency of the Commanding officer, who was applied to, on the occasion, and in consideration of my inexperience and voluntary return to the regiment, this punishment was transmuted into one less severe; namely, that I should be fed on bread and water, and be under the necessity of carrying a heavy and oppressive load on my march, till the pleasure of the commander should be known. This I found to be almost intolerable, and earnestly prayed to have it removed, promising never to be guilty of a similar crime. My fellow soldiers, who pitied me, also interceded on my behalf. But no redress could be obtained for a long time; till, at last, the Commander being assured the punishment had served its purpose in humbling me, gave orders for its removal. Now that I was put upon regular fare, I got quite stout, such was the good effect of my previous fasting. By contrast, too, I now felt so light and lively, that marching was quite an enjoyment. But having been so severely tried, I was more circumspect, and did not give much expression to my present feelings. By prudence and good conduct, I regained the friendship of the officer, and the affection of the regiment generally, and was again trusted and honored. This was a great relief to my mind, and I more than ever rejoiced that I had entered upon the life of a soldier.

Little harassed by the enemy, we now made great progress in our march to Zion. Love prevailed among all the members of the regiment, and the hope of a better country animated our hearts and quickened our steps. We now entered into the beautiful and highly cultivated land of *Hephzibah*, and our road lay directly along the banks of a river which traverses the whole of this delightful region, and is called *Heavenly-Mindedness*, a designation which may sound harshly in the ears of worldly men, but which, being associated in our recollections with lovely scenery and pure enjoyments, sounds far more sweetly to us, than, "the winding *Ilissus*," "the yellow *Tiber*," or "Arno's classic stream." We were very hospitably entertained at the town of *Malness*, which lies resplending in a sweeping bend of the above-mentioned river, beyond which, the hills of *Pisgah* stretch their azure colored tops to the skies. We remained here for a considerable time, for the purpose of viewing the beautiful and diversified scenery of the country. We used to sail upon the river, to the sound of divine music, while the gay streamers floated over our heads. Often, too, did we ascend the hills of *Pisgah*, where the air is particularly pure, and from which the most magnificent views are obtained of the whole surrounding country, and a distant glimpse enjoyed of "the better land." *Beulah*, a country still more beautiful, and which adjoins *Hephzibah*, was frequently an object of interesting observation. It lies in a valley, which is literally filled with streams, woods, flowers, cornfields, and orchards. But as this region has been more beautifully described by John Bunyan, than it will ever be again, it is not needful for me to say more of it.

But we were under a necessity of bidding adieu to these refreshing and heart-cheering scenes, and the kind friends who had entertained us. Nothing worthy of note happened for a number of days, till we came to a turn of the road, where it goes off from the straight line, and diverges into what appeared to be a dreary and extensive wilderness.—This path lies to the right, whilst another, much broader and smoother, and entering into what appeared to be a well cultivated country, turns off to the left. Here, then, we were put to a stand; some wishing, as it was now nearly dark, to stay till next morning, in order that further information might be obtained, and others wishing to go forward; some disposed to strike off into the left, and others into the right hand path. Not being able to decide what to do, the light of day gradually departed; the night became peculiarly dark, and even threatened a severe storm. It was very strange we had never thought of consulting our charts,—to be sure, this did occur to us, after the light of day was gone, but then it was too late. Neither could we now stay where we were—a person having come, running up behind us, in terrible consternation, who, upon being questioned, told us that there was a large body of the enemy marching rapidly in our direction.—

What, therefore, to do in these circumstances, we knew not; the utmost confusion prevailed in the company; time passed quickly away, and the night grew darker and darker. The rain began to fall in torrents—the thunder growled over our heads, and the lightning flashed through the air, rendering darkness visible, and filling our hearts with dread. Now, we heard the trampling of the enemy's cavalry in the distance; fear took possession of our minds, and an interval of dreadful suspense ensued. All at once, a light was seen approaching, apparently from the wilderness. It came nearer and nearer, and speedily discovered the figure of a venerable old man, carrying in his hand a lamp of almost celestial brightness. On approaching nearer, he cried, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe! This is the way, walk ye in it." We then immediately followed his light, which moved on before us for a considerable time, and then vanished. Fortunately, the enemy had taken the left hand road, and we were therefore at liberty to pursue our journey undisturbed. But as we did not know this till afterwards, we made all the haste that the darkness of the night, and the roughness and intricacy of the old man's path, would permit. I myself became exceedingly fatigued—lost my companions, and when the night was nearly spent, was ready to fall down from exhaustion. But I kept up till morning, when the sun rose cheerily—the clouds dispersed, and instead of the wilderness which I had expected to see, a beautiful and well-inhabited country presented itself. After taking some refreshment, and a little rest, I was enabled again to pursue my journey, and came up to my companions in the afternoon. That night we encamped in the region of *Comfort*, not far from the residence of a venerable old lady, called *Charity*, who sent us all necessary refreshments, and otherwise treated us with great kindness. Here we remained several days, till all our men who had fallen behind, came up to us, and those who had met with injuries were recovered. It was a great joy to our minds, that our road did not take us into the wilderness, as we at first supposed, but lay in another direction; otherwise I am afraid we should have been quite discouraged.

Taking leave of Lady *Charity*, with grateful acknowledgments for her kindness, we again continued our march, and that too, very prosperously, for some time. Our strength and spirits increased, the time passed pleasantly away, and heaven appeared nearer and brighter than ever. But we were to be still further tried, and we were now in reality brought into the wilderness which we had formerly escaped. Our enemies, taking advantage of our ignorance of the ground, harassed us behind and before. We were also oppressed by the heat of the sun by day, and terrified by wild beasts, serpents, &c., during the night. Our foes were almost unceasing in their attacks, yet they did not prevail against us. "We were troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Once, indeed, we were nearly altogether exhausted for the want of water. We longed after the cooling stream, as the hart panteth after the water brooks, but it was in vain: nothing presented itself, but an interminable waste of burning sand. O how we sighed for one refreshing drop; but the heavens were as iron above us. Our enemies now attacked us more frequently and furiously than ever; and had their numbers not been comparatively small, we must have been utterly destroyed.—But we still fought on, although our very souls were dying within us for thirst. This state of things continued for several days; and now, nothing but death stared us in the face, when one of our number, consulting his chart, ascertained that we were not far distant from a well of water. Guided by our charts, we made a last effort to reach the place, and just as our limbs were failing beneath us, and our hopes dying away, all at once, those in advance

shouted out, "The well! the well!" The gladdening sound penetrated through the ranks like lightning, every eye grew brighter, and every foot quickened its pace. The well was small, but the water pure, and extremely delicious, at least, so we thought at the time. Its refreshing streams, oozing amongst the sand, had covered a small space around with green, and to our eyes, most beautiful herbage; and a few palm trees afforded a partial, but to our exhausted spirits, most refreshing shade. Here we encamped for the night, and enjoyed the most profound repose, a thing to which we had been strangers, ever since we entered the desert. Awakening next morning with joyful hearts, we joined in singing the following hymn:

Sweet Fountain, still may thy waters flow,
To cheer the heart oppressed with woe,
When far from home, the weary feet
Have sought thy verdant, cool retreat!

Green Spot, amid the desert wild,
Still smoothe misfortune's lonely child,
As thy glad image meets his eyes,
When far away, for home he sighs.

Ye feathery Flocks, still wave your leaves,
Amid the desert's scorching breeze,
And o'er the soldier's weary head,
Diffuse the soft, refreshing shade.

And Thou, kind Father, in the skies,
That made the fount and palms to rise
In such a distant, dreary land,
Of boundless, ever burning sand—

O smoothe the wanderer's path the balm
Of comfort o'er his heart—O calm
His anxious breast, while o'er his head,
Thy wings of love are kindly spread.

Friends of the friendsless, guide our feet,
To Heaven's unending, calm retreat,
Through which soft streams of glory roll,
To cheer the glad, undying soul.

We now proceeded onward through the wilderness, which became less dreary and dismal. Our enemies entirely left us, and signs of cultivation began to make their appearance. Our spirits increased daily, and in course of time, we came to the *Vale of Achor*, which was given us for "a door of hope." Here we remained for some time, in order to recruit our strength, "and we sat and sang as in the days of our youth."

[For the Christian Secretary.]

MR. EDITOR:

Having noticed in my last, the views of your correspondent "Beta" on the passages in Gen. 1. in relation to commencing the Sabbath; I now proceed to notice more particularly the authority adduced from other sources in favour of his views. And here this writer seems to be quite as unfortunate as others who have attempted to support the same theory. He cannot get along at all with his system, without calling in the aid of "learned authors." Speaking of his first communication he says, "the argument employed, whether Scriptural or not, was certainly very simple; it is chiefly founded upon the fact, which I have supposed generally acknowledged, and undeniable, that the Jews in the age of our Lord, and when the observance of the Christian Sabbath began, uniformly commenced their usual day of 24 hours at sunset or evening." Suppose he does consider this "generally acknowledged," does that make it "undeniable?" Or is it to supersede all investigation on the subject? Is it to take the place of Scripture truth, to neutralize argument, and silence inquiry? Generally admitted principles may do in science or politics; but they will never answer my purpose in matters of religion; here I must know what the truth is. I cannot consent to rest this subject on the opinion of "learned authors," till I have first examined for myself. And the attention which I have given to the present subject, has not only led me to an entire different conclusion from the one that "Beta" has arrived at, but will warrant me in saying that his position is not proved by a solitary passage in the whole Bible. As evidence that this writer was not too hasty in his conclusions, he has given us the authority of John and Calmet, for the custom of the Jews in commencing their days at sunset. But if this is the kind of authority that he wants, he can find it in abundance; and to save him the trouble of searching for it, I would add to the two authors to which he has referred us, the names of Lardner, Scott, Clark, Doddridge, Guise, Campbell, McKnight, Whitby, Rosenmuller, Horne, and Newcome; these all concur in their testimony that the Jews began their days at evening. But they state it as a historical fact, not as a Scriptural truth; much less do they insist on the practice being obligatory on us.

Notwithstanding these men lived in different countries, and wrote at different periods, yet not one of them ever began or thought of beginning the Christian Sabbath at sunset.

And among them are men whose piety, or consistency I presume "Beta" himself will not question.

From the uniform practice of these men therefore, we may learn that they attached no importance whatever to the example of the Jews in this respect. And conceding it to be a well established historical fact, that the Jews in any part of their history did begin their days at evening, it no more follows that we are bound to conform in this respect, than we are to copy their example in any of their superstitious rites and ceremonies. This practice not being authorised by Scripture, may have been adopted as "arbitrarily" by the Jews, as a different division of time ever was by any other nation. It may therefore be admitted as a historical fact, and pass for what it is worth.

This writer says, "that the evidence to be derived from Scripture, as to the practice among the Jews, goes to support the authorities above given, seems to me clear. This proof I think sufficient." Now if this proof is so clear and abundant, why not let us have it? I believe it to be rather unusual, for a writer to attempt to establish and defend a sentiment as Scriptural, and yet not present a solitary passage in proof of it. I know not how it is with others of his readers, but for myself, I am not in the habit of adopting sentiments as Scriptural, on the ground that some one has said they are so. Let "Beta" refer us to chapter and verse in this matter, and I shall then consider him serious at least in what he says.

The argument that the Jews began their Sabbath at sunset, and that we have no right to vary from them in the time of commencing ours, will find but few advocates, I believe, in practice. As there is a variation of about seven hours between sunset in Palestine, and sunset in America, according to this view of the subject, we must begin our Sabbath at this season of the year at half past 12 P. M. and in the winter, at half past 9 A. M. But if we vary the time to our sunset, then the argument is given up; and we may as well vary it to midnight, when we commence our civil day.

This writer says further, "until some considerations shall appear more stubborn than those offered

way down his manly cheeks, "I am a different man from what you saw me yesterday." He went on to say, "I have had a hope nineteen years, but since that time I have tried to believe that all men will be saved, but I must now come out. I want to be baptized. I renounce my former belief, and am determined to lead a new life." He related his experience before the Church, was received, and in company with his wife and others, was baptized the same day. It was a heavenly season. His wife coming out, was the means of the renewal of his hopes, and his doing his duty. Let other females do the same, and we may expect the same effects to follow. Yours, in much esteem,

A. M. EREBEE.

W. I. CRANE.

A letter in the Boston Recorder, dated at Batavia, Island of Java, Feb. 8, 1834, says:

"We have heard, though not from official accounts, that there has been a great persecution and massacre of the Papiet population, by the Pagans at Sim. We did not heed the report, thinking it arose from the massacre in Cebu China. If it is true, it may be well that the designs of the brethren have been frustrated. And at all events, we say it is well; for 'there is no mistake in the government of God.'"

The friends of our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, at Bankok, will be anxious until they receive further intelligence from that metropolis.—*Zion's Advocate*.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The annual Commencement at Waterville College will be held on Wednesday, 30th inst.

The inauguration of Rev. President Babcock will take place on the day preceding, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The regular examination of candidates for admission will be Tuesday morning.—*Zion's Advocate*.

A Moral Reform Society was organized in Brown University, May 31st, 1834.—Members 68. The following is the second article of their constitution:

The object of this association shall be to aid by all means which shall seem right and expedient, in the prevention of licentiousness, and to concur in all proper measures for the purpose of reclaiming its unhappy victims.—*ib.*

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, JULY 26, 1834.

Since last week, we have concluded that if every pastor, and others interested in leading at the monthly concerts of prayer, will keep files of the Secretary, marking weekly, what they think proper for the occasion, they will be always furnished, and to their own liking. To them, therefore, this service is confided; for we cannot consent to keep back revival accounts four weeks, for the sake of filling one paper with them.

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Branch of the Baptist General Tract Society, at its annual meeting in June, established a Tract Depository at Norwich City, whereof brother George Byrne is agent. A similar Depository was established at New Haven, and brother Gideon M. Buckingham was appointed agent. At these Depositories may be had all the Tracts issued by the Society. It is earnestly recommended to the churches to give immediate and efficient attention to the subject of Tract distribution.

TRACT SOCIETY.

The statements in our account of brother Allen's remarks at the annual meeting were taken from the records furnished by the Secretary of the auxiliary Society; such of them as were incorrect are now corrected by Mr. Allen, as will be seen by his letter in this paper. No report of the doings was furnished us till long after the annual meeting. We assure the General Agent that our heart is with him in his noble object, and that it is considered amongst the primary objects of the Chr. Secretary to aid efficiently the Tract cause. For this reason we have endeavored not to neglect noticing the new publications of the General Society.

Mistake Corrected.—We are requested to state, that the examination of the students at Suffield, will take place on the 29th of July, instead of the 27th, as stated in the notice, last week; and that Rev. Henry Stanwood is one of the examining committee, instead of S. S. Mallory.

QUERY.—"Sir, I am requested to ask you the following question.—What can the destitute churches do that can raise money, but can obtain no preaching?"

The above query was addressed to the editor by a brother in Fairfield county. Our reply would be,—

1st. Let the whole church prostrate itself in humble, believing prayer to the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest. In connection with these prayers, let the church aid by what means it can, those efforts which are being made for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of such men as are called of God to the ministry.

2d. Let such churches have constantly in existence a judicious organization for the reception of a minister at the shortest notice; and an active, vigilant committee of supply, who shall correspond with others, and obtain information of unsettled ministers on whom they may call.

3d. When a preacher visits them and preaches, send him not away with only this,—*"The Lord reward you, brother, for your kind offices."* Such kindness will not pass for 6¢ cents at a turnpike gate, or buy a loaf of bread.

We observe in the New York Baptist Register, a very pleasant account of the ceremony of laying a stone at each corner, for a foundation of a new Baptist meeting-house in some village. The letter is from brother Burdick. Now we are always delighted with such little stories of Zion's prosperity, but want to know where, as well as when it was. We don't know where brother Burdick lives, and the village is not named: so we remain in the dark.

State Prison Monopoly.—Much uneasiness and indignation are said to exist among certain classes of mechanics in New York, occasioned by the introduction and sale at under prices, of articles manufactured by the convicts at Sing Sing Penitentiary. Such a policy detracts much from the ordinary encouragement to honest industry.

STATE HONORS CONFERRED UPON MINISTERS.

To those ministers of the gospel who have the honorary degree of D. D., and to them alone, do we owe an apology for giving currency to the following remarks of our correspondent. We wish to assure all concerned, that no feelings but those of unalloyed affection exist toward our brethren who are thus honored. It is a practice, and not men, which is objected to, and it is fondly hoped that we may not be thought fastidious for adopting as our own, the opinions given below. We do believe them based upon the Bible; that the honor conferred and received is forbidden by the word of God, and therefore feel in duty bound to add our voice to those who have heretofore borne their testimony.

With literary degrees, merely, such as A. B., A. M., or LL. D. we see no cause of difficulty, though conferred on ministers. It is only a secular honor, conferred by secular authority, to dignify an office purely spiritual, that is deemed unscriptural. We may, after all, be wholly mistaken in our views; and do not believe the many godly men by whom, or on whom the honorary degree has been conferred, and who retain it, are uniformly subject to impure motives in so doing. And we frankly declare, that nothing of no greater importance, would confer more satisfaction, than to have a Wayland, a Chapin, a Chapin, a Day, or a Nott, who are now, or have been Presidents of colleges, come forward with Bible in hand, and vindicate themselves in conferring the degree, and their brethren in accepting it; or to hear that the Faculty of every Protestant college had resolved, henceforth to restrict their honors to those of a literary character only; leaving the servants of the church of God, to the enjoyment of the highest honor named for them in Scripture, viz. "Good ministers of Jesus Christ."

What is now laid before our readers, will probably end our contest with the practice; and if we ever comply with the suggestion of the writer, and call every teacher D. D., it will be done to designate him a teacher, and not to confer honor, or to detract from another's fame. The communication has been long delayed, and is now brought forth by reason of the approach of that season when this unpleasant fruit ripens, and is distributed as circumstances or requests may most forcibly indicate.

For the Secretary.

Mr. Editor, I send you for insertion, the following scrap which I have cut from the Baptist Repository, a paper printed in New York last fall. If you please to give it a place in the Secretary, together with the accompanying remarks, I should be gratified; and hope it will do no hurt, as I have little expectation it will effect the desired object.

"The Baptist denomination have received during the past season quite an addition to the number of Doctors in Divinity, viz.—Dr. Welch of Albany, Dr. Hooper of North Carolina, and Dr. Johnson of South Carolina. Where will these things tend? We should like to know whether they are literary or theological honors? Or are they personal favors distributed by friends? No one can object to a literary distinction. A doctor of civil law, of philosophy, of general science, no one can dispute—but for plain English person to be titled D. D. is not quite so clear."

Fuller, Hall, Judson, and Chase have done well by the D. D.—refused to wear it."

This subject appears to me by far too grave to be treated in this apparently light and trifling manner. And I have to complain that in the Secretary itself, I have observed the same thing mentioned two or three times, without hearing an open and decided testimony against the practice of conferring the degree of Doctor in Divinity on ministers of the Gospel of the grace of God. Such a protest I beg leave now to enter against the whole proceeding; and that for various reasons. The first reason I offer, is that so far as I understand the Bible, the practice is a violation of its precepts. A doctor of civil law, of philosophy, of general science, no one can dispute—but for plain English person to be titled D. D. is not quite so clear."

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D. D. Answer, just because they have no legislative charter authorizing them to do it. One clause of a college charter always is, that faculty shall have power to confer degrees, &c. Here then the fact comes out, that every gospel minister who is created a D. D. holds his honorary title from the state, and not from the church. So much the more gross (if possible) is the corruption. Besides all this, it has been conscientiously condemned and rejected by many men whose literary requirements enabled them as fully and deeply to investigate its propriety or impropriety as any who confer or receive it. Such were Judson, Cornelius, Chase, Beaman, Robert Hall, Cox and a number more, both Methodists and Presbyterians, whose names I have heard, but do not now recollect, who all with united voice renounced it as unscriptural.

Why, I often ask myself, should Christians have presented before their continual examples of a worldly, unscriptural, pride-inflating practice; and that too by ministers, who preach to the church that religion teaches purity, self-denial, transformation of mind, humility? Ah! why not stop at once? Why must a scoffing world take up a religious paper and read the names of the numberless of our one Executive Committee of missions who had met for business, count capital D's by scores, appended to the names of ministers? But, Doctor means teacher only, say the advocates. I cannot believe them sincere. If they are, and do not mean honor or favor, why say, the Rev. Mr. A and the Rev. B. C. D. D. all in the same breath. If teacher in divinity, and that only is meant by conferring a D. D. I see not why every ordained minister ought not to be called Doctor as well as Rev. Mr. Editor, suppose you try this practice a while, and annex a D. D. to the name of every ordained minister. If teacher simply, and not honor and distinction are intended by those who confer the title, they freely expose it to the whole corps their property rights; but if the Rev. President D. D. find fault, their real views will stand exposed.

2 Cor. XI. 3.

The Crops of the Season.—It affords a subject of gratitude to the Father of mercies, that accounts from all parts of the country announce the general abundance and good quality of crops, so far as they are matured, and promise of an abundant latter harvest of others yet growing.

EDUCATION IN BERMUDA.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Holt, to her friend Mrs. B.—

St. George, BERMUDA.

I snatch a few minutes, my dear madam, to tell you that we have formed a Free School Society for St. George. Our treasurer is Mr. Richard M. Higgs, a merchant of St. George, to whom any remittances of money or books for the free school may be made. I am in treaty for a large room and a teacher. I feel confident that the friends of the colored race in the United States will make up what may be lacking in the amount we raise here for the salary of the teacher.

I am forming an infant class in the school of a very intelligent colored woman; we have not funds to form a separate school for infants. Our great concern for the evening school is to take in the boys and men. We have two objects in view in that; first to teach them what is useful; secondly, to keep them out of the grog shops and gambling houses. The teacher I have in view is a white man, who has taught several years; he will keep a day school also.

The infant school grammar is so much liked, that one of the officers' wives begged me to let her have two of those you sent, and she sends money to purchase two more. She teaches her sons from them.

We want a copy of the first books in geography and arithmetic. When you send them, please to enclose New-York, and an invoice sent with them in order to ascertain the duty, which is 32 1/2 per cent."

Since the last acknowledgment, Mrs. B. has received, from Montreal,

"Mrs. Holt of this city" 1 50
"Post mark Newburgh," 50 00
"A friend of Colonization," 50 00

Add amount before acknowledged, 49 50

Makes a total of 106 00

Which has been remitted to Mrs. Holt through Messrs. Tucker and Laurier of this city.

Mrs. Bethune, 147 Hudson-street will continue to receive cash for the above objects. Other articles may be sent, as formerly, to Messrs. Tucker & Laurier, Exchange Place.

Pap is friendly to educating the colored race will please give the above an insertion.—N. Y. Observer.

The information contained in the above article will not fail to cheer every sincere friend of man. Mrs. Holt is peculiarly favored in that the field of her benevolence lies beyond the compass of Connecticut legislation.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There are now (1833) five bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who are constantly travelling over our whole extent of country—preaching the gospel, attending the several conferences, ordaining ministers, and taking the general oversight of the whole work.

In the United States there are at present, annual conferences, 22.

Travelling preachers, 2,230
White members, 489,984
Colored, 74,447
Indian, 2,538

Total preachers and church members, 567,968
Increase this year, (1833), 46,720

The Methodist Episcopal Church has not been indifferent to the benevolent enterprises of the day, but has done much, and now has the prospect of doing much more, for the promotion of the general objects that engross the attention of the Christian world.

In 1819, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. There are now (1834) employed under the patronage of this Society 100 missionaries, who have the charge, as nearly as can be ascertained, of 11,886 church members, and probably preach to five times the number of people. Two missionaries are now in Liberia (Africa) and two are sent to the Flat Head Indians, beyond the Rocky Mountains. The funds of the Society have greatly increased during the past year. The receipts were \$31,361 39, being an increase of \$18,603 10 over that of the previous year.

The church has also a Bible, Tract, and Sunday School Society, and every department is in successful operation.

The subject of Temperance is regarded by the church as a matter of vital importance to its spiritual interests. There are many conference and church temperance societies formed; and both preachers and people are deeply engaged in doing all in their power to promote the great objects of the temperance cause.

Literature has not been overlooked by this church, but has always received the attention that could be possibly spared from the more important work of saving souls. There are at present 5 colleges, and 12 or more academies under its particular patronage. These are all under good discipline, and are exerting an influence not only favorable to literature, but favorable also to morals and religion.—*Zion's Herald*.

Wolf, the Missionary.—Malta, April 29.—Mr. Wolf, the Missionary, is just arrived here, after undergoing the most unprecedented hardships; he was robbed in Nubia, and taken together with his servant, to the slave-market to be sold. His servant fetched a high price, but he went very low; he says the ladies interested themselves in getting him off.—*Boston Rec.*

History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland. By WILLIAM COBBETT, M. P. Vol. II. To which is now added, Three Letters by the same author, never before published in the United States. New York, published by John Doyle. Stereotyped by Conner and Cooke.

COBBETT is a clever but profane writer, and a great favorite with the Romanists. It is curious to see the Deist and the priest of the Church of Rome pull, not exactly in the same harness, but yet the same way. The one vilifies the Bible as an enemy, the other disparages it as a rival; striving to exalt himself above it. Both deal in ribaldry against the clergy of the Reformed Church, whom they contemptuously style the "parsons." Both hate the Reformation, and both teach "that the printing and publishing of the Bible has done a great deal of mischief in the world." Cobbett writes a letter to his Holiness, Pope Pius VIII., and his Holiness "expressed his wonder that the Catholics did not cause him to be a member of Parliament!" So much for the affinities of Romanism and Deism. Similis simili, &c.; like courts its like.—*Churchman*.

General Intelligence.

IMPORTANT FROM PORTUGAL.

From the N. Y. Daily Advertiser we glean the following hasty items of news.

The packet ship Caledonia has arrived at N. York, bringing English papers to June 18, and intelligence from Lisbon to June 3.

The Portuguese government had issued four decrees, the last for concerning the Cortes of Portugal on the 15th of August—the 2d abolishes friars and monks of every description, confiscates their property, and turns the whole of the monastic revenues over for the benefit of the state. The 3d abolishes the Douro Wine Company, an old and odious monopoly. The 4th expels all Miguele noblemen from the House of Peers of Portugal.

The existence of Cholera at Montreal, is confirmed by a letter received from that city; and yesterday we conversed with a gentleman immediately from there, whose account coincided generally with that given by our correspondent. The latter described the disease as not having spread greatly, but was on the increase, and was not confined to the poorer class of inhabitants. One of our own citizens, who was yesterday in Montreal on a visit, was attacked with it, and died after a short illness. How far it will spread, and whether it will extend to other parts of the country, as it did in 1832, cannot, of course, at present be determined.

We, however, would recommend to our citizens to be careful in their manner of living, to avoid eating fruits, of which we have an abundant supply in our markets, and of a most pernicious kind and quality, and to guard as far as may be, against excessive exposure to the extreme heat of the weather. If we should providentially escape the Asiatic Cholera, we have great reason to fear that the green apples, pears, cucumbers, water-melons, &c. will cause many instances of cholera. Multitudes of persons, and particularly young persons and children, are destroyed every year by being indulged in eating unripe fruits. The temptation is so strong, that unless the utmost pains are taken to prevent them, children cannot be induced to forego the pernicious gratification.—N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. I. Perkins to a friend in this city, dated CONSTANTINOPLE, April 15, 1834.

There is more hope of the Turks, in a moral point of view, than I had anticipated. They are rapidly running into every species of European improvement; among the rest, Lancasterian schools. Several barracks of soldiers, of four or five hundred each, are converted into schools. The soldiers spend a part of their time in tactics, and the rest in the common branches of education.—N. Y. D. Ad.

Horrible.—The Danbury Gazette, of the 23d ult. says, that a young man was lately arrested in the lower part of Fairfield county, on the charge of poisoning his wife. The young man, says the Gazette, has acknowledged his guilt, and assigned as a reason, that they could not live together on terms of peace and friendship. They had been married only about six months.

Steamboat Disaster.—The steamboat Planter, on a recent trip from Louisville to St. Louis, stopped at Evansville to land freight. While there an officer came with a writ to arrest some person on board.—The captain of the boat would not allow him to go on board. Some high words passed between the parties, and the result was that the officer, with a large posse, mustered several muskets and a swivel, which were loaded. The swivel, at the time of starting, was aimed at the ladies' cabin; the contents entered a berth that had been occupied by a sick lady but for a few moments before, and would inevitably have killed her if she had remained there. The small arms were principally aimed at the upper deck, where the captain stood, with volleys of stones. A number of the shot struck the chimneys. Most fortunately, the captain escaped with a slight bruise on the shoulder.

Quick Work.—A fellow broke into a tavern at Dunkirk, Chateau co., on the 23d ult. and stole a cloak—was apprehended at Marysville on Tuesday—indicted Wednesday—tried Thursday and on Friday was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the state prison at Auburn.

A good Stick.—A single stick of St. Domingo mahogany, measuring one hundred and seventy-nine feet, board measure was sold at auction this morning, by John Tyler, at \$4 per foot—making the cost and value of the log seven hundred and sixteen dollars. It was imported in the brig Baltimore, Capt. Davis.

Boston Transcript.

Hon. Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Judge of the Ocmulgee Circuit, put an end to his existence at Milledgeville on the 4th, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. John G. Polhill, postmaster at Milledgeville, has been appointed by the Governor to succeed him.

Suspension of Hostilities.—By an article in the last Republican we learn that the Mormons have declined a personal combat with the citizens of Jackson county, for the possession of the disputed territory which they call the Holy Land, and left it for time to determine. They still maintain that that portion of the country is the true Zion, and that it may not be established for one hundred years to come. They have taken time enough for the accomplishment of their designs, if time is the only requisite.—*St. Louis Times*.

LA FAYETTE was the last of the Major Generals of the Revolutionary War. His commission was dated July 31, 1777. At the peace of 1763, there were 15 Major Generals, of whom La Fayette was the eighth in rank; there were 7 seniors and 7 juniors of the same rank. Standing in the centre of the list, he survived them all. The seniors were Putnam of Connecticut, Gates of Virginia, Heath of Massachusetts, Greene of Rhode Island, Wm. Alexander (commonly known as Lord Stirling) of New Jersey, St. Clair of Pennsylvania, and Lincoln of Massachusetts. His juniors were Howe of North Carolina, McDougal of New York, the Prussian Baron Steuben, Smallwood of Maryland, Moultrie of South Carolina, Knox of Massachusetts, and Du Portail of France.—*Baltimore American*.

A French Veteran.—At the funeral solemnities in honor of La Fayette, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, the chief mourner was Mr. J. B. Hebard, an aged French citizen, who was a member of the National Convention of 1792, of the Legislative Assembly which succeeded it, and a colleague of La Fayette in the chamber of Deputies, in 1815, on the second abdication of Napoleon.

MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. M. H. Smith, Mr. Leonard Daniels to Miss Sophronia Bradley.
At Bridgeport, on the 15th inst., Mr. Eli Gilman, of this city, to Miss Mahetael Smith.
At Palmer Mass., on the 17th inst., Mr. John W. Bull, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Dr. Aaron King, of the former place.
At New Britain, by Rev. A. D. Watrous, Mr. Wm. Payne, to Miss Julia A. Thorp.

DIED.

In this town, Mrs. Chloe Edgerton, aged 57.
At Hamden, on the 15th inst., Mr. Asa Churchill, aged 54.
At Springfield, (Chicopee) Ms., Mrs. Lois Bement, relict of Mr. Jonathan Bement, aged 96.
At Salem, Mass., Mrs. Annora Fitch Vilas, aged 35, relict of Rev. Samuel Vilas, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Shrewsbury.

At Belle Air, (Md.) on the 4th inst., in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Samuel J. Mills, son of Daniel Mills, deceased, of Colebrook, Conn.

At Saratoga Springs, Mr. Charles R. Webster, of Albany, in the 72d year of his age. He had been ill of a glandular affection, for several weeks, but was not supposed to be in immediate danger. Only a few minutes before his death, he was walking about his room.

At his residence in Schodak, Rensselaer co. N. Y., Edmund C. Genet, Esq. He was ill but two days. Mr. Genet was sent to this country as the first Minister Plenipotentiary by the French Republic, and was accredited by Gen. Washington, then President of the United States. Citizen Genet, as he was then called, was young, and made zealous efforts to enlist our government in the quarrel of France. The proclamation of neutrality was issued by the President, who repudiated the young Frenchman because much heated, and attempted to fit out armed vessels from Philadelphia. Being thwarted in this, his recall was demanded by Washington, and was effected. He however married in this country, and here spent his days in retirement.

In London, at an advanced age, Sophia, widow of the late Rev. Samuel Bradburn, Mrs. B. the late Sunday School teacher, was interred in the burial ground attached to the Wesleyan chapel, and according to her request, was attended by a number of Sunday School children to her grave. Nearly fifty of the elder scholars of Radnor-street Sunday School under the Superintendence of Mr. J. W. Gabriel and Mr. Williams, met at the Liverpool Road Chapel, and having eventually joined the funeral procession, walked two by two before the hearse. The body was then carried into the chapel, where the Rev. Messrs. Oakes and Jackson read the desk service and after another hymn, the Rev. Theophilus Lassey concluded with prayer. At the grave Mr. Jackson read the burial service, and the whole was concluded with a third hymn.

It was Mrs. Bradburn who first mentioned to the late Robert Raikes, the subject of Sabbath Schools. She went with him through the courts and alleys of Gloucester to collect the child of the poor, though strenuously opposed by the clergy and others. At the establishment of his first school, Mrs. Bradburn, (then Mrs. Sophia Cooke) first enrolled her name, and was therefore "the first Sunday School Teacher."

The foregoing arrangements were made to pay an appropriate tribute to her character, and had a very interesting and solemn effect.—*London Morn. Chron.*

NOTICE.

The public examination of the Students in the Conn. Rep. Lit. Institution, will take place on Tuesday, July 29, to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. After which there will be a vacation of three weeks.

J. COOKSON, } Standing
G. PHIPPEN, } Examining
H. STANWOOD, } Committee.

N. B. The Board of Trustees of the Institution will meet at the house of the Rev. Harvey Ball, on Tuesday, July 29, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Suffield, July 15, 1834. G. PHIPPEN, Secy.

NOTICE.

THE Baptist Ministerial Conference of Fairfield County and vicinity have agreed to hold their next quarterly meeting at the house of Eld. Nathan Wildman, in Weston, the first Tuesday in August, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Br. S. Ambler is to preach on the occasion, text Rom. v. 1. Ministering and other brethren are respectfully invited to meet with us.

SILAS AMBLER, Clerk.

NOTICE.

SIX months are limited and allowed by the honorable Court of Probate, for the District of Hebron, to the creditors of the estate of Betsey Ann Barber, late of Hebron, deceased, to exhibit their claims against said estate to the subscriber.

HORACE J. JONES, Administrator.
Hebron, July 15, 1834. #27

NOTICE.

IN pursuance of an order from the Hon. Court of Probate for the district of Tolland, notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the settlement of the estate of Talman Rider, late of Willington, in said district, deceased, first giving notice of the time and place of the proposed sale in a newspaper printed in Hartford, and by posting a copy hereof on the sign-post in the 1st society in said Suffield.

ELISHA BRIGHAM, Adm'r.

Willington, July 26, 1834. #3*28

NOTICE.

AT a Court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and for the district of Suffield, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1834,—

Present, LUTHER LOOMIS, Esq., Judge.

On motion of the Administrator on the estate of Lari Smith, late of Suffield, within said district, deceased, This Court doth authorize and direct said Administrator to make sale of so much of the real property of said estate as will raise the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars with incident charges, either at public or private sale, and in such manner as will least injure the heirs, and make return to this Court when sold, and for how much, with an account of the charges of sale, first giving notice of the time and place of the proposed sale in a newspaper printed in Hartford, and by posting a copy hereof on the sign-post in the 1st society in said Suffield.

Certified from Record.

LUTHER LOOMIS, Judge.

NOTICE.

AT a Court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and for the district of Suffield, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1834,—

Present, LUTHER LOOMIS, Esq., Judge.

On motion of the Administrator on the estate of Sherman Spencer, late of Suffield, within said district, deceased, This Court doth authorize and direct said Administrator to make sale of so much of the real property of said estate as will raise the sum of three hundred dollars, with incident charges, either at public or private sale, and in such manner as will least injure the heirs, and make return to this Court when sold, and for how much, with an account of the charges of sale, first giving notice of the time and place of the proposed sale in a newspaper printed in Hartford, and by posting the same on the sign-post in the 1st society in said Suffield.

Certified from Record.

LUTHER LOOMIS, Judge.

POETRY.

For the Secretary.
THE BLOOMS OF EARTH.

The flowers of Earth that charm us so,
Its joys, and wealth, and fame,
Although they may luxuriant grow,
No excellence can claim.
But yet how often 'tis that we
Employ life's summer's day
In gathering—and admiring, see
Them withering away.

While flowers Divine, that ever last,
As Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Are slighted, till the season's past,
Which thus we misimprove.
Hartford, July 21, 1834.

C. G.

THE DEPARTED.

O, sacred Star of Evening! tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
The spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.
Room they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by feet of angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright;
Their home, the paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant orb sublime,
When life's delusive scene is o'er,
And all the griefs of changeless time?
And canst thou join the blissful choir,
Thou' heaven's high dome the song to raise,
When seraph strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?

O, who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er life's eventful sea,
If doom'd to hail—its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?
And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a fleeting world as this,
When faith displays beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss?

Mrs. Robb.

From the Western Christian Advocate.
INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

A true narrative of the Capture of the Rev. O. M. Spencer, by the Indians, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, written by himself at the request of the Editor.

[CONTINUED.]

Crossing the road a short distance, we stopped a few minutes on the hill's side; the Indians casting their keen glances around them, and listening intently as if hearing some sound indicative of danger; then apparently satisfied that they were undiscovered, resumed their retreat, and quickly gaining the top of the hill, ran off in a northerly direction, at the height of my speed, one of them still holding me by my hand, the other following with his uplifted tomahawk.

Having run, as I judged, about four miles, discovering my feet bare, (for I had soon after leaving Cincinnati, thrown my shoes into the canoe,) my conductor, whom I now regarded as my master, supplied me with a pair of moccasins, and seemed much pleased when in return for them I gave him my pocket handkerchief, which he took as a mark of gratitude. To the other Indian, who had now put his tomahawk in his belt, fearing I might have excited his jealousy, I presented my hat, which at first, as worthless, he dashed on the ground; then instantly picking it up, thinking, no doubt, it might direct pursuit, carried it in his hand until evening, when he burned it. Relaxing our speed, (although the long strides of the Indians kept me in a continual trot,) and still pursuing a northerly course, about an hour before sunset, descending a high hill, we reached a small stream running in a westerly direction, and which I have since believed to be the rivulet and hill adjoining Sharon. Entering this stream, we waded up it about half a mile, the leading Indian directing me to step in his track, while the other followed trailing in mine, then leaving it and travelling about a mile farther north, encamped at sunset on a low point of thick underwood, near a rivulet. Here, while one Indian kindled a fire, the other went in pursuit of game, and soon returning with a raccoon which he had killed with his rifle, proceeded to dress it, by singeing off the hair, then dividing it, broiled it on the fire. The Indians ate voraciously, but being exceedingly weary, I could eat very little; besides, I had just witnessed a most sickening scene, calculated for a time to destroy all relish for food. While my captor was dressing the raccoon for supper, I had seen the other Indian, whom I shall now call by his name, Wawpawmawquaw, or White Loon, drawing from its sheath his large brass handled knife, and cutting off the limb of a small grub near the body, take from his bullet-pouch the black scalp recently torn from the head of the unfortunate white man, and cutting a small hole near its edge, and hanging it on the stump of the severed limb, deliberately and carefully scrape off the thick fat; then forming a small hoop about six inches in diameter with a thread of deer's sinew, stretch the scalp within it, as if he had been preparing to dry the skin of an animal. Having finished their meal, the Indians prepared for rest; first tying the middle of a cord around my neck, and extending its ends around my wrists separately, they spread a blanket on the ground and ordered me to lie down; then lying down on each side of me, passing the ends of the cord under their bodies, and covering themselves with the remaining blanket, soon sunk into a profound sleep.

For some time I lay ruminating on the sad events of the past day; my mind now filled with fearful apprehensions of the future, and now "stung with thought of home," to which I feared I should never return. Here, as I thought of my beloved parents and affectionate sisters, and felt for the moment that I should never again behold them, tears of bitter regret flowed plentifully, and scarcely could I repress my sobs; then, as for a moment a ray of hope shone through the gloom, my soul became more tranquil, and I began to revolve in my mind the means and the probabilities of escape: overcome at length with fatigue, in deep sleep I soon forgot all my sorrows.

To me it has ever seemed almost incredible, that Mrs. Coleman, after jumping out of the canoe into the river, should have floated quite down to Cincinnati, and there being taken out of the water, have communicated the bloody event of that day, and the news of my captivity; but the fact has been often declared by herself, and asserted by others of undoubted veracity, some of whom it is said had aided in saving her. I have been told, however, that the first news of my captivity was communicated by Mr. Light, who, on seeing the Indians retreat, swam to the shore, and making the best of his way to Fort Washington, reported the fact. The commanding officer immediately dispatched an express

to my father, announcing the painful occurrence, and proposing to send out a small force of regulars. While the news was spreading, a number of the inhabitants of Columbia soon assembled, prepared and anxious to pursue the Indians; but my father, apprehending that finding themselves pursued, and unable to carry me off, the Indians would instantly kill me, returned by the express a request that no troops should be sent after them; then with some difficulty dissuading his neighbors from their proposed pursuit, obtained their promise that they would proceed no farther than the spot where the dead man still lay, and where I was taken prisoner. To describe the feelings of my parents when the news of my captivity reached them, would for me be impossible. To be bereaved of an only son, and the youngest of a once numerous family, of whom but six were living, would, by death, under ordinary circumstances, have been a severe affliction. Had I been found dead, inhumanly scalped and mangled on the beach, by the side of my unfortunate companion, the shock, though powerful, would have gradually subsided, and the violence of grief would with time have abated; but that I should be carried away captive by the Indians, the cruel, barbarous savages, was to my parents, and especially to my mother, almost insupportable. Often while she thought of me, she fancied she saw me fainting with fatigue, or famishing with hunger, or pinning with disease; and sometimes her terrified imagination represented me falling by the knife, or sinking under the stroke of the tomahawk, or expiring at the stake in the flames, under the most cruel tortures. Nor was she relieved from these distressing apprehensions, and this painful state of suspense, until some time in November following my captivity, when certain information was received from the commanding officer at Post Vincennes, that I was then living, and had been seen at the Indian village near the mouth of Auglaize, only a few weeks before, by the late Capt. Wells, (Indian agent, who was killed by the Indians at the capture of Chicago in the late war with Great Britain,) then a prisoner at large among the Indians.

With the dawn of the morning of the 8th of July, the Indians awoke, and untied the cord with which I was bound, we all arose. Our scanty breakfast was soon made from the remains of the raccoon which had furnished our supper; our baggage, consisting of two blankets, a rifle, a cord, and a scalp, was shouldered, the priming of the rifles was examined, and before the sun arose, we were marching in single file, my master in front, myself in the centre, and the White Loon bringing up the rear, in the direct course of the Shawnee villages. The morning of this day was very pleasant; the sky was clear, and the air balmy and refreshing; the ground less broken and hilly was covered with verdure: the tall woods through which we passed were beautiful, and but for the condition in which I was a captive, whose every step bore him farther from friends and home, I should have been delighted. As it was, however, my mind by degrees became more cheerful, and my spirits began to resume their native elasticity. About noon this day, passing along the east side of a hill, beyond which there appeared to be a large opening, the Indians moved cautiously, half bent, and with trailed rifles. Proceeding about half a mile, we halted in a deep ravine; when White Loon, taking the bridle and pursuing a westerly course down the hollow, soon disappeared. In about ten minutes, however, he returned, mounted on a fine cream-colored horse which he had just stolen, and taking me up behind him, trotted off several rods, the other Indian following, until coming to a thick undergrowth, we slackened our pace into a brisk walk. Here we found a faint trace, which pursuing a few miles, led us into a plain path, which I afterwards learned was the Indians' war path.

The Indians seemed highly pleased with their late acquisition, riding by turns the spirited animal, and occasionally taking me behind them, greatly relieved me from fatigue. But, alas! how uncertain are the comforts of this world! About the middle of the afternoon, the horse suddenly became dull, and seemingly sullen, so that with difficulty he could be urged forward. At length he stopped short, when in vain did the White Loon, on foot, apply the stick; the horse only stood and kicked. In vain did the other Indian, dismounting, endeavor to lead him forward; he would proceed no farther. He had been violently attacked with either colic or cholera, and now lying suddenly down, began to roll and groan, sometimes struggling with every limb, and sometimes dashing his head against the ground. The Indians stood over him, now beating him severely, and now talking to him in Indian, as if exhorting him to rise, or threatening him with vengeance in case of his remaining stubborn; at length my master, seizing his rifle as if to shoot him, began in broken English to curse him, and after loading the poor animal with all the opprobrious epithets he could think of, left him lying in the path. We encamped this evening about sunset in a low rich bottom, near a beautiful stream; where, having made a fire, and roasted part of a young fawn which White Loon a few minutes before had killed, we ate a very hearty supper, though without salt or bread, neither of which we taste till we arrived at the Indian villages. After supper, taking a small piece of tobacco, and cutting it fine by passing the edge of his knife between his fore finger and thumb, receiving it as thus pressed into the palm of his left hand, the White Loon, with great solemnity and apparent devotion, sprinkled a few grains of it on the coals, an offering, as I afterwards understood, to the Great Spirit, moving his lips as if uttering some petition; then mingling the residue with some dried sumach leaves which he drew from his bullet pouch, and filling the bowl of his tomahawk serving as a pipe, first smoked a few whiffs, then handed the pipe to his companion, who also smoked a few moments, returned it; the Indians thus alternately puffing until the tobacco was consumed, frequently filling their mouths with smoke, and forcing it through their nostrils, closing their brief use of the pipe with a peculiar suck of the breath, and slight grinding of the teeth. The day had been remarkably fine; we had travelled with short intermissions from early dawn until sunset a distance of at least forty miles; and very weary, myself at least, we lay down before our fire, under a spreading beech, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

But we had slept only a few hours, when we were awakened by the roar of a tremendous hurricane passing only a few rods north of us, preterating us with a terrible crash, and carrying dejection in its broad track. Over our heads the hundreds broke in deafening peals, and the lightning seemed a constant sheet of flame, while from the black dense cloud that was furiously sweeping eastward, it sent its vivid bolts athwart and onward, passing the storm with the rapidity of thought. I had sprung from the ground, and gazing on the awful scene, stood motionless with terror. I feared that the "great day of God's wrath had come," and I felt that I was not "able to stand;" I vowed to God that if he would spare me I would dedicate to him my future life; but alas! no sooner had the fury of the storm passed, and the thunder, now distant, ceased to terrify me, than my vows to God were forgotten, and the thoughts of the great white terror were banished. Expecting every moment to perish, I had stood for some minutes unconscious of the presence of a human being; but my terror a little subsiding, looking at the Indians who were standing

near me, I saw them perfectly calm, apparently insensible of danger, gazing with a sort of delighted wonder; and frequently as from the dense cloud shot some more vivid bolt with more deafening peal, expressing their admiration with their customary exclamation, Wawhough! wawhough! On the morning of the 9th, the sun arose brightly above the cloudless horizon, and shone upon a sky as clear and beautiful as if it had never been darkened by clouds, or torn by tempests; and but for the bent tree tops above us, the fallen branches around us, and the wide spread devastation before us, one would scarcely have believed that in the heavens now so bright and tranquil, desolation and terror had so lately held their empire.

Breakfasting early, we pursued our journey; but our progress for the first half hour was slow and very difficult, having sometimes to climb over the large bodies of the fallen trees, or to wind around their uprooted roots; and sometimes to creep through their tops interwoven with the underwood. One who has never seen the effects of a tornado can have but a faint idea of its power and operation. Here for at least a quarter of a mile in width, and many miles in length, not a tree had been able to withstand its force: not only were the largest trees torn by the roots, but many, one, and even two feet in diameter, were twisted off, some near the ground, and others ten or twenty feet from its apparently with as much ease as a man would break off a slender twig. Passing at length the fallen trees, and travelling on a few hours, on hearing the sound of a bell we halted not far from a small opening on our left. Here Wawpawmawquaw left us, again taking a westerly direction, and in about half an hour returned with an old black horse, probably a pack horse belonging to the army, that had given out and afterward strayed off. Suspended from his neck by a broad leather strap, was a large bell, which was now quiet with the grass to prevent its tinkling. This horse, so very far inferior to the one we had lost, was esteemed a valuable acquisition, particularly by me; for my feet had now become sore from walking, and I was delighted with the opportunity of relief which riding afforded. Mounted upon the old horse, a natural pacer, I now rode very pleasantly, enjoying the comfort thus accidentally afforded me without interruption; for the Indians seemed not at all disposed to share it with me. Having halted at noon and taken some refreshment, we travelled on till about six o'clock, when passing along the side of a ridge into a low bottom, we stopped on the south bank of a beautiful stream, (which I have since been told by the White Loon is Buck Creek) in the edge of a grove covering both banks of the stream, skirting on one side a small natural meadow of a few acres, and on the other, a large prairie extending a mile or two north and west. Here, determined to remain until the next day, the Indians proceeded to huddle the horse, and untie his bell, turned him out to graze. Next intending to secure me, they ordered me to sit down with my back against a small tree; then taking their cord, tying it to the tree, passing it around my neck, and then with a knot bound my wrists separately, extending my arms obliquely on each side, they fastened one end of it to a stake driven into the ground, and the other to a root in the bank of the stream; then placing a large piece of bark over me to shelter me from the sun, went out to hunt. Being left alone, my thoughts alternately occupied with tender recollections of my home, and a painful consciousness of my wretched condition; sometimes revolving in my mind the probability of escape, then rejecting the thought as chimerical, an hour had passed away. I now began to think seriously of making my escape, and after a few minutes determined if possible to effect it. Being a firm believer in an overruling Providence, and the concern of God for the welfare of his creatures, I first addressed myself to him, and never did I utter a more sincere or fervent prayer, supplicating his mercy and imploring his aid; and promising that if he would deliver me from the hands of the savages and restore me to my beloved parents, I would serve him the residue of my days "in truth with all my heart."

Believing too in the use of means, I immediately began to exert my own powers. Seizing the cord with which I was bound, I first pulled it violently with my right hand, attempting to break it or detach it from the root to which it was fastened; failing in this effort, I next held hold of it with my left, endeavoring to pull down the stake to which it was tied. While trying to effect this, looking at the stake over my left hand, I discovered that the cord was tied on the outside of the cuff of my sleeve, and making the effort, succeeded in drawing my arm through it; then with the aid of my left, disengaging my right hand in the same way, I soon set myself entirely free. Picking up the bundle, and thrusting in my bosom a small piece of bark, which I had seen the Indian use for a pillow, I then proceeded on my journey. I soon found, bridled and unhobbled the old horse; and mounting on his back, and using the hobbles (a cord of twisted bark) in place of a whip, set off for home. From the report of their rifles which I had heard only a few minutes before, I judged that the Indians were about a mile off in a southerly direction, and that I should easily return along the path we had travelled, unperceived; for considering for a child as I might have been, the thoughts of home so engrossed my mind, that the probability and even certainty of pursuit did not enter into my calculations, and I thought if I could only get a few miles from the camp undiscovered, I should be safe. Unfortunately, as it then seemed, I could not urge the horse beyond a moderate pace. Whipping him with the hobbles until I was tired, I threw them down in the path, and supplied their place with a switch; but with all my exertions, striking with my heels, jerking with the bridle, and applying the switch simultaneously, I could not force him into a trot. The sun, when I left the camp was about an hour high, and as I travelled steadily until sunset, I had probably proceeded three or four miles, when concluding to halt for the night, I dismounted from the horse, and bending a small twig by the side of the path in the direction toward home, I led him a few hundred yards directly off from the trace, up a gentle slope of woodland, into a very close thicket of small sassafras, and securing him with the bridle, went in search of a lodging place.

About sixty yards south of the thicket finding a large fallen tree facing the path, and having near its roots a hollow forming a shelter, I determined to lodge under it; but being very hungry, and having no provision for my journey, saving a small piece of meat which I thought I should more need than I could use, I concluded to make my evening's meal on raspberries, which grew here in great abundance. Straying from bush to bush, eagerly picking and eating to satisfy my hunger, I paid little attention to my course; when having eaten sufficiently, I turned as I thought towards my lodging place, but found, after walking some time, that I was completely lost. I now felt greatly alarmed; I ran about in every direction, seeking the thicket where I had tied the horse; and terrified at the thought of perishing in the wilderness, regretted for a moment my attempt to escape. Happily, however, after wandering about for some time, I found the log, and lying down under it, allowing my head on some leaves which I scraped together and covered with my jacket, and devoutly thanking God for saving me from the horror of losing myself and starving in the wilderness, and for all his kindness thus far, composed myself to rest.

[To be continued.]

(From the Baptist Register.)

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. No. VI.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY.

LEIPZIG, April, 1834.

Scarcely had I taken up my residence in this place, when I received a request from friends in Hamburg to visit them for the purpose of baptizing them, and constituting a church. The distance is about two hundred miles. As I had come through Ludwigslust, Berlin, Wittenberg, and Halle, from Hamburg to Leipzig, I concluded, in order to see as much of the country as possible, to take another route, and to return by another still. My course was through Halle, Magdeburg, Helmstedt, Brunswick, and Celle. As I had resided in Halle more than six months, nothing new was pre-ented to my eye, till I had passed that place. From thence to Magdeburg there is a fine *chausee*, or McAdams' road. The country offered no variety of scenery, but it lies in the very heart of old Saxony, (now Prussia) and is known therefore to have the best soil in Germany. About half way, or a little more than twenty miles, we came to Bernburg, a principality occupying scarcely the space of a mathematical point, differing with another color the map of Prussia. The town, the capital of the duchy, has 7000 inhabitants, is built upon the brow of a small hill, has a very decent palace, and is upon the whole tolerably neat, for an old German city. While I was in Bernburg, the engrossing topic of conversation was a recent event, as it would seem, of great importance. A new prince had within a few days ascended the ducal throne. How much the great powers of Europe will be affected by this change, I will not take upon me to say; but this Lilliputian state itself feels the magnitude of the event.

Magdeburg lies on the left bank of the Elbe; it is said to be the strongest fortress of Europe, being completely surrounded by a double line of bastions. The labor which it cost to make such entrenchments must have been immense. Its present population is 44,000. It is memorable in history for the part which it took in the reformation, and for its capture and plunder by Tilly in the thirty years' war. The town is built, like Leipzig, Halle, and Wittenberg, in the old Saxon style; it has one large and imposing street, called "Broad Way," running parallel with the river; but in all the other parts of the town the streets are narrow and irregular. I spent the Sabbath here, and attended military worship with between two and three thousand soldiers in the Dome Church. This church, one of the most celebrated in Germany, was commenced, I believe, about the twelfth century; and though it has cost millions, it is yet unfinished. I had seen several fine specimens of architecture, which I could easily regard as classical, and which gave me an admiration of the art. But in this august dome I had neither time nor inclination to think of the skill of the artist. The impression was upon my heart, and I seemed for a moment to be a creature of feeling only. It was like being borne insensibly away by the inspiration of eloquence or poetry; and I found it impossible, without much effort, to examine it coolly as a work of art. The nave and aisles were so long, the arches so lofty, and the whole so simple and grand, that I could only think of a mind of immortal powers striving through this medium to express the greatness of its conceptions. The architecture of a people expresses their character nearly as much as their language or their customs. Perhaps nothing will show the peculiarly practical character of the Americans better than contrasting them with a nation still bearing the stamp of feudal times. The same principle of practical utility pervades more or less all the forms of our architecture. But the sentimental character of the Germans, when inflamed on the one hand by the spirit of chivalry, and on the other by the mysteries of a catholic faith, embodied itself in the loftiness, slender proportions, and immensity of Gothic architecture. When looking at this simple and superb structure, and comparing it with what we are accustomed to call Gothic, I was reminded of the impressions which one has when he compares the Roman annotations with the Latin or modern prefaces to our Bibles. Mr. Dreselke, the Lutheran bishop of Magdeburg, and Harms, of Kiel, are said to be the most eloquent living preachers of Germany. The former was once a gross Rationalist, but at present stands nobly knows where.

On the Monday following I directed my course westward towards Brunswick. On this route there is neither a *chausee*, nor a *schnell post*. The great public roads in Germany have been very much improved within a few years. They are called *chausees*, i. e. McAdams' roads. They are made and kept in repair by government, at great expense. In many places the rows of fruit trees planted on each side are a source of some considerable revenue. The public stage coaches and the mail are both government establishments. Baggage, and packages of all descriptions, may be sent, and very cheap too, with as much security as letters by mail with us. Each passenger, on paying his fare, receives a certificate, on the back of which are printed rules, by which the whole concern is regulated. To avoid all possibility of confusion, they even go so far as to have the postillion, at the end of his route, mount one horse and take them all back, without the coach, to their own stable at the place from which they started. There are two kinds of conveyance, the *Schnell post*, and the *Fuhr post*, the one taking more luggage, and travelling more slowly than the other. But the carriages of both are well made, and covered and cushioned, only the one has more seats, the other a larger case for the baggage. Each coach has a postillion, who rides on the "near" which horse, and an overseer, or agent. As the road was very bad, we had six horses and two postillions mounted. The scenery between Magdeburg and Helmstedt was much like that which surrounded me when I was in the middle of the Atlantic. The soil is good; but the country is a dead level, and from the fact that the cultivators of the soil for many miles around collect into large filthy villages, has the appearance of being desolate. The traveler feels reluctant to believe that it is in his own world, or to greet the ragged, filthy beings, whom he meets, as his fellow men. Before reaching Helmstedt, I could see the snowy summits of the Harz lying more than forty miles to the south. These mountains, and the Saxon Switzerland, a few miles to the south of Dresden, present the most picturesque and imposing scenery to be found in Germany.—Helmstedt lies between Magdeburg and Brunswick, thirty miles from the former, and twenty from the latter. Here we soon perceive that we are no longer among Saxons, but among people of different origin. Leipzig, Halle, Wittenberg, and Magdeburg, though differing greatly in their external appearance, have yet a national uniformity of style and manner, upon which the new political divisions of Germany have no influence. But the towns belonging to Hanover and Brunswick are easily distinguished from those of Saxony (as it was) by their many peculiarities. Nor is this owing wholly to English influence. The streets are much more spacious, and are provided with side walks. In all the cities which I had seen before, the houses fronted the street, and from two to four rows of windows rising above each other could be seen peeping out of the roofs. But here the ends of the houses generally stand towards the street, and every story juts out a little farther than the one beneath, with some little ornamental work like the border of a papered room, and the roof projects out beyond them all. In

all the old towns of Germany, the roofs of the houses are very steep and high, and the dwellings of the common people are framed buildings, leaving interstices of two or three feet square between the timbers, which are filled with brick, and stone, and sometimes even mud. In Helmstedt I visited the old university which was extinguished by Jerome Bonaparte in 1809. Here Gœtius was educated, and Hencke, the well known supporter of Rationalism, and the author of a church history, distinguished for its learning, but stained by ebullitions of violent party feeling. Here also Bredow, the celebrated historian, commenced his public career.

Brunswick, capital of a duchy of the same name, is an old, but pleasant town, of about 40,000 inhabitants. The Oker, which here divides into several branches, runs both sides of the city, and on its banks are the most enchanting promenades. These walks with gently sloping hillsides, are a great relief to the eye that has rested on nothing but interminable plains. On the east side there is an extensive park, and on the south a cast iron monument, perhaps 30 feet high, erected in honor of the Duke of Brunswick, William Ferdinand, who as commander in chief of the Prussian forces, fell in the battle of Jena, and with him his own country and that of the monarch for whom he fought. It is well known that after this, Napoleon erected Hanover, Brunswick, a part of Prussia and Hesse into the new kingdom of Westphalia, and placed upon its throne his younger brother, Jerome. As I was walking along the east part of the city of Brunswick, and surveying the place in order to impress its scenery upon my memory, I came accidentally to a large enclosure, in which I heard the tinkling of a thousand chisels in preparing stones for building, and in polishing Corinthian pillars. The men were engaged in rebuilding the palace which was destroyed in the riot of 1830. The former Duke appears to have been a Nero in miniature. He was not accustomed to live within his dominions, but to spend his time abroad, for pleasure, and thus to waste the treasures of his people. He even diminished to a frightful extent the salaries of men in public employment, in order to be able to indulge in greater excesses. He treated men of venerable old age and dignity with insulting cruelty, drove the virtuous from his councils, and surrounded himself, or rather his palace, with worthless profligates. At length the wantonness of his conduct became so insufferable, that the people rose unanimously to rid themselves of such a monster, and in one night, without the shedding of blood, drove him from the city, and destroyed his effects. Though he was the lawful prince, yet no neighboring power has interfered to restore him to his throne, and he is now living as a fugitive in France. The present duke succeeded him at the age of twenty-five; and he it is that is building a palace, which if report be credited, is to be the most splendid in Europe. Thus are the people of a small territory impoverished and distressed, to gratify the foolish ambition of a gay young prince. Upon this subject the peaceable citizens speak not with pride, but with a sigh; and many a young man of revolutionary spirit occasionally uses the bitterest sarcasm, and gives dark hints respecting the future.

Aetna Insurance Company,
Incorporated for the purpose of insuring against LOSS
and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of
\$200,000, secured and vested in the best possible
manner—

OFFER to take risks on terms as favorable as
other Offices. The business of the Company is
principally confined to risks in the country, and there-
fore so detached that its capital is not exposed to
great losses by sweeping fires.
The office of the Company is kept at the East door
of Faxon's Exchange, Colles House, State Street,
where a constant attendance is given for the accom-
modation of the public.

The Directors of the Company are—
Thomas K. Brace, Joseph Pratt,
Henry L. Ellsworth, George Bea-h,
Thomas Belden, Stephen Spencer,
Samuel Tudor, James Thomas,
Henry Kilbourn, Elisha Peck,
Daniel Steadman, Daniel Burgess,
Joseph Morgan, Ward Woodbridge,
Elisha Dodd, Joseph Church,
Jesse Savage.

THOMAS K. BRACE, President.
JAMES M. GOODWIN, Secretary.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.
FARE REDUCED TO \$2.

Through by Day-light.
The low pressure Steam Boat
WATER WITCH, Capt. Vander-
bilt, & NEW ENGLAND, Capt.
Sanford, have commenced run-
ning a Daily Line between Hartford and New York.
On and after the 26th June, until the 1st of Septem-
ber, the fare will be reduced to \$2; meals extra.

Days for leaving Hartford. Days for leaving New York
NEW ENGLAND. NEW ENGLAND.
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Mondays, Wednesdays,
and Fridays. Tuesdays, Thursdays,
and Saturdays. Tuesdays, Thursdays,
and Saturdays.

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VOLUME XIII.

ELEV

CONNECTICUT.

The Eleventh Annual
session was held at the Ba-
The chair was taken
o'clock, A. M., and
Rufus Babcock, Sen.
The certificates of
which it appeared the
sent.

Churches.

Hartford.

Berlin.

Bristol.

Canton.

Enfield.

1st Suffield.

Wethersfield.

1st Windsor.

New Haven.

New London.

Churches.

Killingworth.

Andover.

Manchester and

Vernon.

Southington.

Cornwall.

2nd Lyme.

New Milford.

Sharon.

Goshen.

Mansfield.

Litchfield.

1st Colebrook.

2nd Colebrook.

1st Middletown.

3rd Middletown.

2nd Middletown.

Haddam.

Norfolk.

Thompson.

Hadlyme.

1st Groton.

2nd Groton.

1st Woodstock.

North Haven.

1st Saybrook.

2nd Saybrook.

Pomfret.

East Windsor.

Colchester and

East Haddam.

Brooklyn.

Churches.

Resolved, That

Agent of the Ba-

responding Secy.

Rev. C. C. P. C.

with all other br-

us.

Voted, That

o'clock, P. M.